

CAPTAIN WEBB ON SWIMMING.

A LECTURE IN LONDON—WHAT AN EXPERT THINKS OF SWIMMING—THE CHANNEL FEAT.

Capt. Webb lectured recently at St. James' Hall, London. As a lecturer, he said "he felt like a fish out of water, but the story he had to narrate, which was that of his life and adventures, was told with a rugged bluntness, not unrelieved with caustic humor, which had a peculiar charm for those who knew what he had done. "He was unaccustomed to the art of public speaking," he said, and he further assured those who laughed that "it was a fact," but he "could tell them when he was born, and something else which had happened in the course of his life." He said that he first saw the light in 1848. He could not swim then, but he commenced to learn not very long afterwards, and between seven and eight was already considered a good swimmer. Not a fast swimmer—that he did not pretend to be even now—but he could live a long time in the water, and had a long, steady stroke, which told in the long run. He had a great love for the sea, but had a horror of the bathing women whom he saw ruthlessly dipping children at the coast. Example and kind words went further in the teaching of swimming, as well as in other things, than threats or terror. After being in the training ship Conway, he went as a sailor to Calcutta and Hong Kong, and at the latter place he had a fight with two Chinamen. He had a half dollar in his pocket, and the Chinamen wanted to take it from him: so they had recourse to a trial by combat, and the result was he was landed in a drain, which was not the "drain" for which he had come on shore. [Laughter.] He did not remember much more—[laughter]—only he knew the Chinamen did not get that half dollar. [Applause and laughter.] Then there was an event of a different description—the attempt in which he saved an unfortunate sailor who was washed off the Cunard steamer Russia, and which won for him the medal of the Humane Society and the Stanhope gold medal, prizes which he (Capt. Webb) valued all the more highly because he had received them from the hands of another British sailor, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. [Applause.] Finally, there was the Channel feat, in regard to which he gave an interesting account. There were merry bursts of applause when he described himself, after being rubbed down with porpoise-oil, as not only feeling but smelling strong, and hearty cheering when he told of the difficulties he had met and overcome. Dr. Pope, late Staff Surgeon, R.A., then made some general remarks on the history of swimming, while Mr. Macgregor, of "Rob Roy repute," gave verbal expression to the admiration of the meeting, and performed the almost superfluous duty of calling on those present to give three cheers for "the hero of the Channel."

REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES.

Mr. Walter Slade, who has earned for himself a wonderful reputation on the running path, continues to eclipse all previous performances. His latest doings are still more remarkable than those chronicled last week. The London Field speaks of them as follows: Slade's exploits in Ireland will certainly stand out in bold relief to anything ever yet achieved, either in that country or in England. He began by winning the half-mile at the international meeting in the then fastest time on record, viz., 1m. 59½s. This he beat on Tuesday at the Irish Civil Service meeting, doing 1m. 58 4-5s.; but the surprise of surprises was yet to come. Travelling to Belfast on Friday, June 12, to take part in the North of Ireland sports, he, over a grass course, once more surpassed himself by running the half-mile in 1m. 58 1-5s., but an achievement which must rank as being quite equal to that was the two-miles handicap. A rather liberal start had been given to Nicholson, viz., 250 yards. Slade, going from scratch, was unable to make up this tremendous gap, though he did the fastest time on record—9m. 42s. The committee, we understand, have awarded him a special prize for this performance. One thing must be stated, viz., that the course on the Ormeau grounds is one of the best going for grass in the United Kingdom.

Half-mile Handicap, open.—W. Slade, London, A.C., scratch; 1; W. H. Malcolm, N. I. C.C., 60 yards; 2; J. D. Foster, Methodist College, 70 yards; 3; H. H. Buller, Belfast, 45 yards; 4. Coming into the straight for the last time Slade got on even terms with his men, and won after a game struggle by half a yard. Time, 1m. 58 1-5s.

Two-mile Handicap, open.—E. Nicholson, B. H. and H. C., 350 yards; 1; W. E. Fuller, London, A.C., 300 yards; 2; W. Slade, London, A.C., scratch; 3. Nicholson plodded on at a steady pace, was never caught, and won by 40 yards; four yards divided Fuller and Slade. The latter's time was the fastest on record, viz., 9m. 42s.

An English gentleman named Mann, and his wife, appear to have remarkable success in taming a female boa constrictor, which

GAMBLING IN SIAM.

The Siam correspondent of an Indian newspaper gives the following description of Siamese gambling. "The Siamese are inveterate gamblers. Gambling houses are as plentiful as coffee houses at Bagdad and Cairo, or as grogshops in Calcutta and Bombay; and perhaps the largest portion of the Government revenue is derived from them. One single division of the Fort at Bangkok is farmed out for 360,000 ticals, equivalent to about 4½ lacs of rupees a year. These gambling houses are large sheds, erected in any direction, and always filled with men, women, and children; who squat round in circles of ten or a dozen, devoting themselves heart and soul to the demoralizing propensity, which they have neither the will nor the ability to overcome. You have a servant, who has, perhaps, served you well and faithfully through the month. You pay him his wages, and he is at once off to some gambling shed, where, if he be unlucky, he loses every fraction of his money. Not till then does he return to duty; and in some instances, by no means rare, he does not return even then. Once taken possession of by the demon of gambling, he is not content with losing his money only; but if he has a family, he stakes his wife and children, and loses them also. Still he is not satisfied, and very often he stakes his own life and liberty. The man goes to a money lender and borrows a certain amount, at a ruinous rate of interest, on condition that if he is not able to repay him within a certain time, he will work for him until the debt, principal and interest, has been liquidated. A bond is executed to this effect, the borrower receives the money, goes and gambles with it in the hope of winning back what he has previously lost, loses again, and becomes the slave and bondservant of his creditor, who hires him out, and appropriates half his wages in liquidation of the debt incurred. This state of things continues for years, and not unfrequently the poor slave dies in his slavery, having over and over again paid his creditor the sum originally borrowed, but yet not free from his debt, which the exorbitant rate of interest has swelled out to a most enormous size. This is a most cruel species of slavery, and the present King of Siam, who calls himself an enlightened prince, ought to devote himself vigorously to its extirpation. Royal interference is the more urgently called for, as not only the adults gamble away their own lives and liberties, but even those of their children, who, on arriving at an early age when they are able to work, find themselves enslaved to hard task masters, who dispose of them as they please."

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTERS.

The late Dr. Livingstone in his "Last Journals" gives the following: At the Long-was of Zumbwa we came to a party of ferocious hippopotamus hunters, called *makondwe* or *akondwe*. They follow no other occupation, but when their game is getting scanty at one spot they remove to some other part of the Loangwa, Zamgese, or Shire, and build temporary huts on an island, where their women cultivate patches. The flesh of the animals they kill is eagerly exchanged by the more settled for grain. They are not stingy; and are everywhere welcome guests. I never heard of any fraud in dealing, or that they had been guilty of an outrage on the poorest; their characteristic is their courage. Their hunting is the bravest thing I ever saw. Each canoe is manned by two men; they are long light craft, scarcely half an inch in thickness, about eighteen inches beam, and from eighteen to twenty feet long. They are formed for speed, and shaped somewhat like our racing boats. Each man uses a short broad paddle, and as they guide the canoe slowly down the stream to a hippopotamus, not a ripple is raised on the smooth water; they look as if holding their breath, and communicate by signs only. As they come near their prey, the harpooner in the bow lays down his paddle and rises slowly up, and there he stands erect, motionless with eager, with the long-handled weapon at arm's length above his head, till, coming close to the beast, he plunges it with all his might toward the heart. During this exciting feat he has to keep his balance exactly. His neighbor in the stern at once backs his paddle, and backs too, to escape; the animal surprised and wounded, seldom returns the attack at this stage of the hunt. The next stage, however, is full of danger. The barbed blade of the harpoon is secured by a long and very strong rope round the handle. It is intended to come out of its socket, and, while the iron head is firmly fixed in the animal's body, the rope unwinds, and the handle floats on surface. The hunter next goes to the handle and hauls on the rope; he knows that he is right over the beast; when he feels the line suddenly slacken he is prepared to deliver another harpoon at the instant when hippo's enormous jaws appear with a terrible grunt above the water. The backing of the paddles is again repeated, but hippo often assaults the canoe, crunches it with his great jaws as easily as a pig would a bunch of asparagus or shivers it with a kick by his hind foot. Deprived of their canoe, the gallant comrades instantly dive and swim to the shore and water; they say that the infuriated beasts look for them on the surface, and being below they escape his sight. When caught by many harpoons the crews of several canoes seize the handles and drag him hither and thither, till weakened

their style to the length of their course and the condition of the water over which they have to row. Over the Putney and Mortlake course, for instance—a long course, by the way—the number of strokes rowed per minute is not nearly as many as that pulled when the same crews row over the short distance course at Henley. So much is said about the advantages of the slow English as opposed to the rapid American stroke that people are liable in discussing the merits of both to lose sight of one great essential feature of a race—distance. As Yale won on Friday the advocates of the English style of rowing will have much cause for congratulation, but it will by no means prove the superiority of the English system of rowing, unless in its applicability to long distances.

MURPHY'S RIDE.

AN OLD HORSEMAN BEATS PERALTO'S TIME AT FLEETWOOD PARK—ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE MILES IN 6H. 45M. 7S.

John Murphy, long well known as a driver and trainer of trotting horses, and also a rider of considerable merit, on the 3rd of July attempted and succeeded in beating over the same track the performance of Peralto and his mustangs at Fleetwood Park, on the 26th of May last, i. e. 155 miles with running horses in seven hours. Murphy, as he had given notice, used "American horses," but instead of being "ordinary" as a rule, as claimed he would ride, they proved to be above the average.

Among the number was the bay colt Paper Maker, and the chestnut gelding Modoc, besides others that had run many good races and proved winners upon several occasions. The attendance was very small, and should have been better as the manner in which the rider performed his journey, although it is not an extraordinary one, was worthy a larger crowd and more enthusiasm than was manifested. Captain Neil Mowry, champion long distance rider of the world, and two or three fellow-members of the California Polo Club, helped Murphy out with his task, aiding him so materially, in a hundred ways, that he is much indebted to them for the victory achieved. Murphy rode the distance of 155 miles in 6h. 45m. 7s., which gave him 14m. 58s. to spare, and then, just to finish off the job in fine style, rode an additional mile in 2m. 15s., making the entire distance travelled 156 miles in 6h. 47m. 22s. The rider finished his feat apparently but little the worse for it, walking to the clubhouse after his final mile seemingly as erect and strong as if he had not ridden more than ten miles. Murphy is a slight built man and of light weight, never weighing more than 180 pounds.

The judges of the day Messrs. Hugh Ferrigan, Joseph N. Chandler, F. C. O'Reilly and A. C. Dayton. Beside these there were markers and clerks on the stand, who did their duty in commendable shape. At 12h. 30m. the word was given, the rider being dressed in green cap, gray loose shirt and linen overalls, and he dashed away on his long journey with a cheer or two from personal friends. At this time there were but 200 persons present, and never during the afternoon were there more than 600 on the grounds. His first mile was made in 2:22, when he changed horses and went the other way of the track, the second mile being finished in 2:23½. Five other changes were made before he completed his ten miles, which were made in 24m. 16½s. His seventh mile was done in 2:06, the fastest of the day. The eleventh mile was reached in 2:23, the twelfth in 2:11½, and the slowest of the second ten, the eighteenth, in 3:10. When the twentieth mile had been run, he had been out 59m. 31½s., and by rough computation was 4m. 6½s. ahead of his time, quite an encouraging outlook. Up to this time he had run the majority of his horses two miles out. After the twenty-fifth mile mile, the rider drank a little cold tea and frequently his head and neck had been rubbed by the Californians assisting him. Captain Mowry was always on the turn and he ran his horses for an eighth of a mile with the performer, until they were fairly under way, and upon the stretch Murphy was similarly assisted, which service proved of great benefit. The thirtieth mile was made in 2:35, and up to this time the average time of his dismounting and remounting was 5½ seconds. Here he had been 1h. 17m. 01½s., and was 5m. 27½s. ahead of his time. In his next ten miles he used five horses, the distance being accomplished in 25m. 35½s., while the total time on the track, stoppages and all, was 1h. 42m. 36½s. His fiftieth mile was run in 2:26, the total time being 2h. 08m. 28½s. After the fifty-fourth mile Murphy lost 40 seconds in being sponged, which, included in the time, made the fifty-fifth mile stand as 3:25. When the sixtieth mile had been done the rider had taken up 2h. 35m. 23½s. of his time. At the end of the seventy-fourth mile he rested 7m. 25s., meanwhile being thoroughly sponged and given cold tea. Murphy seemed refreshed after the rest and continued on his journey in capital

Miles.	M. S.	H. M. S.
10	24 10½	
20	20 14½	50 31½
30	26 30	1 17 01½
40	26 35½	1 42 36½
50	25 45	2 08 23½
60	27 10½	2 35 38½
70	26 32½	3 02 06½
80	32 27½	3 34 34½
90	26 41½	4 01 15½
100	25 11½	4 26 27½
110	25 23½	4 51 51½
120	25 23	5 17 14
130	26 36	5 43 50
140	25 29	6 08 19
150	24 48	6 33 00
155	12 07	6 45 07
156	2 16	6 47 22

BOAT RACE FOR £200 IN ENGLAND.

On June 19 the first of the series of the big events fixed to take place during the present month was rowed, the North and South being in antagonism. The competitors were Henry Thomas, Brentford, waterman, and Thos. Winship, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, both renowned oarsmen, but as scullers of little or no repute. Thomas has had a chequered career since he was out of his apprenticeship, and has only beaten third-rate men, but recently he has much improved. Winship's best performance as a sculler was beating W. Duffen, an excellent sculler, from Hammermith. Both the men had undergone careful preparation, but of the two Thomas appeared in the better condition as they stripped alongside their cutters, off the Star and Garter, at Putney, whences they were to start by mutual consent from two boats moored abreast. The races were under the old rules, and Mr. Gulston was referee. Thomas was the favorite, at 7 to 4 and 2 to 1, and had the outside berth; but as there was no wind, there was no difference between the positions. George Drevitt piloted him, and John Taylor looked after the North countryman. They wasted no time at the post, but dashed away together. Winship splashing very much and steering abruptly inshore, while Thomas kept a wide course in the light. When they got straight, however, in 400 yards, Thomas was a length or a half ahead, and it was evident thus early that the other was completely out of it. Thomas increased his lead at every stroke, and won with the greatest ease by ten lengths, in 24 min. 30 sec., on a slow tide, and a hot day with no wind. The other was much distressed, and rowed short and out of all form.

PURE JAMAICA RUM.

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—"A discovery has just been made at Kingston, Jamaica, which has excited much indignation in the bosoms of the planters against the merchants. It seems that certain merchants have been in the practice of importing into the island the inferior description of spirit manufactured in Cuba and shipping it again to Europe by the United States as 'Jamaica Rum.' As 'Jamaica Rum' enjoys a reputation even higher, in many instances, than that of its consumers, this 'trick of the trade' is calculated to destroy the value and character of an article on the production of which the island peculiarly prides itself. It is supposed that the extraordinary torpid and sluggish state of the Jamaica rum market in England, which has for some time past puzzled the planters, is due to this Cuba rum fraud, which has created an erroneous impression that the Jamaica rum is falling off in quality. Directly the discovery was made a meeting of the Cornwall Agricultural Club was summoned, with the view of taking steps to suppress the evil. A series of resolutions was accordingly passed, one of which calls upon the Government for a protection law, while another pledges the planters as a body to have no dealings with merchants or others who are known to lend themselves to a practice so unjust and antagonistic to the interests of the honest producers of one of the chief staples of Jamaica."

HOW GIRLS ARE MADE PRETTY.

The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. This exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan. Dr. Henry Spry, one of the company's medical officers, says that "this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into our boarding-schools and private families; and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb-bells, back-boards, skipping ropes, etc. The young lady ought to be taught to carry the jar, as these Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with her hand." The same practice of carrying water leads to precisely the same results in the south of Spain and in the south of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head a vessel full of water to the very brim over a rough road and not spill a drop of it, and the acquisition of this art or knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait, and the same expanded chest and well-formed back and shoulders.—*Home and School*, Louisville, Ky.

EDUCATION AND ATHLETICS.

The mathematical class list just issued at Oxford for the final school examinations gives, says the Pall Mall Gazette, a practical negative to the assertions of some alarmists who claim that

Poetry.

TROUTING SONG—A PARODY.

When spring time comes and scatters o'er
The vernal meads full many a flower,
We vote our offices a bore,
And we get off a-trouting.
And then we have such jolly fun,
And such fantastic things are done
Upon the stream, that every one
Thinks nothing like it north the sun.
Tangled whiskers, sunburnt nose,
Blistered feet and dripping clothes,
All for pleasure! so it goes,
When we go off a-trouting.
When we go off a-trouting, Oh!

And if the stormy Eastern wind
Its way unto our stream doth find
We don't a continental mind,
While we are off a-trouting.
For then with cards and pocket pie
We play, and often wet our whiskie.
Or to our friends write an epistle,
And for the rain don't care a thistle.
Tangled whiskers, sunburnt nose,
Blistered feet and dripping clothes,
All for pleasure! so it goes,
When we go off a-trouting.
When we go off a-trouting, Oh!

But if, perchance, there's too much gun,
Some foolish chap will tumble in,
And then arises quite a din,
While we are off a-trouting.
Or, mayhap, if the stones are all
Worn smooth, and bumps of caution small,
Some gent may cut an awkward sprawl,
Or sit down under a waterfall.
Tangled whiskers, sunburnt nose,
Blistered feet and dripping clothes,
All for pleasure! so it goes,
When we go off a-trouting.
When we go off a-trouting, Oh!

And when at last with empty creel,
Well-filled with well-filled feel,
We reach our home, how tired we feel!
Tis then we eat a hearty meal.
When we get back from trouting.
Around the board what tales we tell
Of big fish lost by broken quill,
Of red deer seen in woodland dell,
And all adventures that befall!
Well-brushed whiskers, cream washed nose,
Slipped feet, and warm, dry clothes,
Oh, what pleasure each one knows
When we get back from trouting,
When we get back from trouting, Oh!

A REMARKABLE RACE.

On the 29th ultimo there arrived at Liverpool two American ships, the J. B. Brown, under the command of Capt. Kezan, and the Southern Cross, under command of Capt. Ballard. The two ships towed out through the heads at San Francisco at 6 o'clock on the morning of December 31st, 1875, side by side, discharged their pilots at the same time, and passed the Farallone Islands together. Met each other the next day and parted company that night. Met again on the line in Pacific, and again in the neighborhood of the Island of Pitcairn, in the South Pacific, and did not see anything of each other again until in about three or four degrees of south latitude on the Atlantic side. Here they had it nip and tuck for a week or ten days, watching each other as a cat does a rat. Finally a circumstance took place which the master of the Southern Cross says he never experienced before during a command in the East India trade for twenty-six consecutive years. Both ships arrived on the equator side by side, bearing by compass due east and west, and on working up their latitudes they found they had no latitude at all—not a fraction either way; fact they were exactly on the equator. From this point they parted company. Met again in the north-east trades, sailed in company for a week or so, then parted. Met again off Holyhead, and took tugs from the same company. Towed up the Mersey side by side, and had the dock gates been wide enough they could have entered side by side. As it was the Cross led the way in, the Brown followed within a foot of her all the way.

LAGER BEER IN THE COURTS.

In the State of Vermont, where the prohibitory law is in force, the question whether or not lager beer will intoxicate, was lately made the subject of a trial and legal decision in one of the courts. The case arose from the seizure of a keg of lager as contraband under the law, and the owner claimed its restoration on the ground that the liquor was not intoxicating, and therefore did not come within the provisions of the liquor law. To prove this several witnesses were called who swore that they had drunk from fifteen to thirty glasses a day, and that the least intoxicating effect was produced thereby. One witness swore that he drank lager until he could drink no more, and he would as soon think of getting drunk on milk as on lager beer. Five doctors swore that it was not intoxicating, and although one of the witnesses for the prosecution, who weighed over 200 pounds, swore that he drank lager until he was full to the brim, and that it made him a little light-headed, the court decided in favor of the defendant.